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NEWS

Report and pictures
from inside China—
September issue 25p

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PART 2 FOR HIRE: AN UNDERGRADUATE SPY

Today I would have scruples about the purpose I served, but at that age I was ready to be a mercenary in any cause so long as I was repaid with excitement and a little risk'

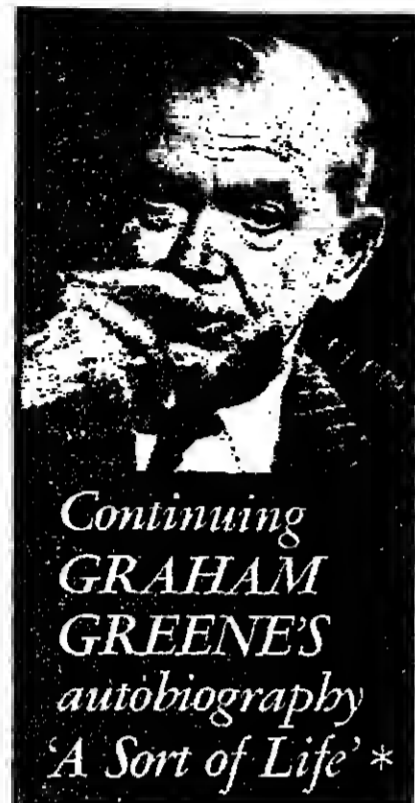
NOW I LOOK BACK, THERE seems something a little bizarre about my Oxford days. They certainly do not recall those of a young man or the early pages of a book of short stories by Geoffrey Chaucer. I had read a book of short stories by Geoffrey Chaucer, but they were closer to Maclean's and Kim Philby's at Cambridge.

A small affair of what might have been some espionage began innocently enough in early 1924. I had read a book of short stories by Geoffrey Chaucer, but they were closer to Maclean's and Kim Philby's at Cambridge.

was easily aroused to indignation by cruelties not my own, and the idea of experiencing a little danger made me write to the German Embassy in Carlton Gardens and offer my services as a pageantist. The Oxford Outlook at my disposal, for I was the editor, and to the Oxford Chronicle, its paper. I was a regular contributor, it only of the five-shilling poems.

had not expected the prompt reply of the German response. Come back one early evening to my room in Balliol I found my armchair occupied, my only bottle of whisky almost finished, and a fat stranger who rose and introduced himself, "Count von Bernstorff." He was the first secretary of the German Embassy, a man who loved luxury and boys and who frequented a shady club called the "Sinnia" in Archer Street, Soho, one could have foretold that he was in those folds of flesh was a man who was to run a Jewish spy-ring from Germany to Switzerland during the last war and he was in Dachau.

My father took the affair very seriously. He told me how Lord Haldane's career had been wrecked by his too great friendship for the Germans, and he offered to pay for my holiday himself. I knew that he could ill afford his generosity and I refused the offer. After all, I argued, I was not going to follow the same career as Lord Haldane and was unlikely to attain his eminence.



Continuing
GRAHAM GREENE'S
autobiography
*'A Sort of Life'**

young man with a long complicated title, who claimed a nobler and longer descent than the Hobenzollerns, and a mysterious wisedom narrow figure with a scarred face, Captain P., whose full name I have now forgotten. Captain P. would turn up at irregular intervals, like someone who looks in at a kitchen door to see if the kettle is boiling. Now that I have worked in the Secret Service myself, I feel I should have smelt him out immediately as an intelligence officer.

The day arrived when I called at Carlton Gardens and Count Bernstorff handed me a packet and told me to burn the envelope—which, of course, I kept for some years as a souvenir. Inside were twenty-five pound notes—more than sufficient in those days for a fortnight's holiday down the Rhine and the Moselle.

* To be published by The Bodley Head on September 16 at £1.50.

I asked Claud Cockburn to come with me; we were to be joined in Germany by my cousin Tooter, for neither Claud nor I could speak German. We went in a car to the hotel, and as we were laughing with pleasure in the railway compartment to Harwich at the thought of our free holiday and the exciting nature of German diplomats, there slid in beside us this, narrow Captain P. with his duel-scarred face. Our laughter broke abruptly off and we tried to appear the serious observers we were meant to be.

Our holiday was uneventful, in spite of the stack of introductions which waited for us in the Cologne hotel. There we met a man called Waldenheimer who was the political organiser in the German Volks-partel, and an industrial magnate, Doctor Hennings, who owned a great dye factory outside Cologne and gave us a gargantuan feast in Leverkusen, while he talked glibly of Germany's starvation.

After Cologne we went to Essen and lodged in simple luxury at Krupp's private hotel. In the Ruhr, newly occupied by French troops, there was a delightful sensation of being hated by everybody. I wrote to my mother, "No tourist could be expected in the Ruhr, and I suppose all foreigners are taken for French officials. In the evening we went to a cabaret where we were even more unwelcome, and a rather fat, naked woman did a symbolic dance of Germany in chains, ending up of course by breaking her fetters." I can remember still the menace of Essen where most of the factory workers were on strike: the badly lit streets, the brooding groups. We flirted with fear and began to plan a thriller together rather in Buchan's manner.

At Bonn, then a small provincial university town, we stayed for half-a-crown a day in a little *gasthaus* built in 1649. On the riverside at night, encouraged by the atrocity stories we had heard in Cologne, we followed innocent Senegalese soldiers in the hope of seeing a rape, which never occurred.

At Trier on the Moselle, which had been the centre of the Separatist movement, Spahis in turbans and long cloaks lounged under the Roman gateway, but there were no incidents to excite us. A local editor told us that every letter which left Trier was censored by the French authorities, so I wrote a letter to myself, addressed to "The Editor of the Oxford Outlook," recounting imaginary atrocities by the French and mentioning the day and hour of the train we were to take out of the zone. But there were no soldiers to arrest us on the platform and the letter arrived safely in England unopened—a useful lesson in checking one's information.

Only in Heidelberg, outside the occupied zone, did our introductions provide us with an interesting encounter. There in the bureau of what was called respectfully the Society for the Relief of Exiles from the Palatinate we met a kindly middle-aged man in plus-fours called Doctor Eberle, who frankly explained to us the real purpose of his society. He was a kidnapper. He recruited young men to drive fast cars across the frontier into the French zone where they seized mayors and officials who were collaborating with the French authorities and bundled them back into Germany to be "tried" for high treason.

In those days, when Hitler was still unknown to us, Doctor Eberle's adventurous story appealed to me and gave me an idea for the future. When I returned home I wrote to Count Bernstorff suggesting that there might be difficulties in transmitting funds to the secret nationalist organisations in the occupied zone. An Oxford undergraduate would hardly be suspected as a courier.

After some delay Bernstorff replied. He wrote that at present they had no difficulty in transmitting funds, but he had been asked by his "friends" in Berlin whether I would be prepared to return to the French zone, get in touch with the Separatist leaders and try to obtain some information about their plans for the future.

I finished reading the letter with excitement and a measure of pride, for I was being promoted from propaganda to espionage. It was a heady thought for a boy of nineteen, and I am amazed now, in these more security-conscious days, at what both of us had so rashly put upon paper.

Today, I would have scruples about the purpose I served, but at that age I was ready to be a mercenary in any cause so long as I was repaid with excitement and a little risk. I suppose too that every novelist has something in



The young Greene planned espionage with Count von Bernstorff (right), a lover of luxury who died in Dachau

common with a spy: he watches, he overhears, he seeks motives and analyses character, and in his attempt to serve literature he is unscrupulous.

It was an odd schizophrenic life I lived during the autumn term of 1924. I attended tutorials, drank coffee at the Cadeau, wrote an essay on Thomas More, studied the revolution of 1688 "from original sources," read papers on poets to the Ordinary and the Mermaid, attended debates at the Union, got drunk with friends, then "Crossed out on the other side, the novel."

There another life began, where I exchanged last letters with the woman I loved, who was engaged to another man, wrote a first novel never to be published, the unhappy history of a black child born to white parents, and prepared plans with Bernstorff for espionage. All the time Germans were dropping into my life unannounced, arriving from Paddington for the day to see the colleges and drink in my room.

Meanwhile I wrote to a right-wing journal owned by the Duke of Northumberland called The Patriot, which had supported the Separatist Republic, and offered to be their correspondent in Trier. As I demanded no expenses and wrote from the respectable address of Balliol they were ready to welcome articles so long as I understood they frankly explained, that I could represent only one point of view, their own. Then I wrote to the French Embassy in London, telling them how I was visiting Trier for The Patriot and would be glad of any introductions they could give me.

All was set, and with sufficient cunning, when the blow fell. The Daves Plan was formulated, the Great Powers met together at some Swiss resort, agreements were reached, guarantees were given, and one insignificant recruit to the ranks of espionage was told to fall out—his services no longer required. All the lessons in German I had been taking from a maiden lady in North Oxford had been wasted time.

I often wonder what would have happened if my plans had not been aborted. Espionage is an odd profession: for some it is a vocation, with an unscrupulous purity, untouched by mercenary or even patriotic considerations—spying for spying's sake. Already I had begun to be dissatisfied with the plain gathering of fact and rumour and with its transmission to a single source; the idea of being a double agent had occurred to me. I would be certain, I thought, to learn something of my employer's interests: even the questions I had to answer would have value for the French authorities, and the honest pity which I had formerly felt for defeated Germany had died a quick death after the gourmandising in Leverkusen and the lies of the editor in Trier.

Perhaps it was lucky for me that Germany was able to dispense

with my services, for the life of the double agent is a precarious one.

THE LAST TERM BEFORE I TOOK Finals was filled with frustrated efforts to decide the future. I passed my viva for the Consular Service, having an idea of following in the footsteps of James Elroy Flecker in the Levant, although in the end I never sat for the examination, for it would have entailed many months of being coached in French. I had at the time a great admiration for some of Flecker's poems and I pictured myself in a caravanserai on the Golden Road to Samarkand or sitting beside a clinking jalousie, full of self pity and nostalgia, in a Middle Eastern seaport.

More and more the wind-vane of my inclination swung in the direction of the East. I applied here, I applied there. For example, there was an interview with the Asiatic Petroleum Company. Here I had been helped by my uncle, who was head of the Brazilian Warrant Agency; he had spoken on my behalf to a director.

Unfortunately I found my interviewer knew all about a book of verse I had published at Oxford and he regarded this tendency of mine with deep suspicion. No one, he said, who worked with the Asiatic Petroleum Company could have outside interests.

I tried hard to persuade him that my small book had been an aberration of adolescence, now that I was mature I had outgrown literature and my only ambition was to make a success in business. When I saw that nothing was of any avail I suggested to my mother that there might be an opening in the company for my eldest brother Herbert to whom unemployment was like a recurring flu—at least he hadn't put himself out of court by publishing a book. (Years later he did publish one of dubious authenticity called Secret Agent in Spain—almost a family title.)

I had been play-acting to the director, but there was some truth in my desire to cut away from the past. I knew I could never be a good poet, I associated even the act of composition with unhappy love, and my first novel which I had written while at Oxford had never found a publisher. I was ready to wear any mask to escape from myself, and so now I flirted with a less important business opening than Asiatic Petroleum, and one far removed from Samarkand.

The Lancashire General Insurance Agency had opened a branch at Oxford under a genial manager with a silky moustache called Captain Harris who was always good for a free drink and a doubtful joke; he was the more popular because he had a plump blonde secretary who hinted, when she was left for a moment without him, at all kinds of possibilities, even a weekend in Paris.

Captain Harris offered me, as soon as I should go down, a job at £350 a year plus commissions,

which might easily, so said the optimistic captain, amount to another £500, but I had my doubts.

I think I must have made contact with the captain and his girl when I offered to readers of the Oxford Outlook a free insurance against failure in examinations. They had only to fill in the coupon on page 37 and in case of failure they would receive a free champagne dinner for two at one of the Oxford restaurants. I suppose Captain Harris insured me against my risks. "Of course, the chief attraction of the dinner," I wrote home, "will be its mixed character, and as stupid females have the reputation of being the prettiest, this ought not to be negligible."

I never joined the Lancashire

General Insurance Agency: instead I found myself for two weeks an employee of the British-American Tobacco Company, destined for China in two months time.

From the first I was daunted by the great concrete slab beside the Thames, with the uniformed porter like an officer of some foreign country demanding credentials: in the lift several middle-aged men were carrying files carefully like babies.

The director who interviewed me (his name, I think, was Archibald Rose) had the appearance of a senior army officer, perhaps a brigadier, in plain clothes. He was correctly dressed in dark capitalist uniform, with a well-tied bow tie, a well-groomed moustache; he had the politeness of a man speaking to his equal in age and position. He would have made a good intelligence officer, and I have little doubt now that he belonged, however distantly, to the Secret Service. A man in his position, recruiting and controlling men for the Chinese hinterland, could hardly have escaped contact with the "old firm," and perhaps for that reason he was not scrupulously accurate about the details of the employment. The end justified the means.

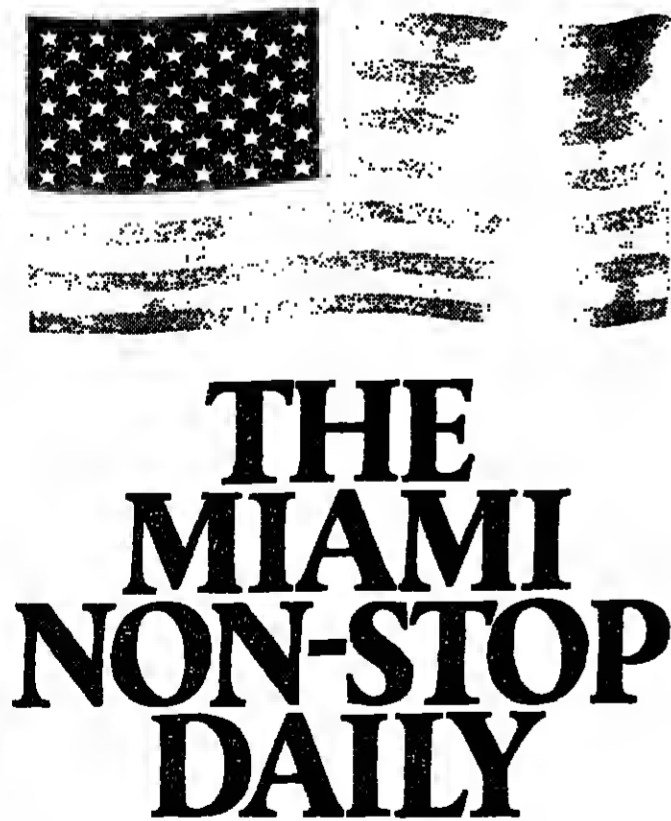
"I want university men," he said in remarkable contrast to the director of Asiatic Petroleum, "because they have other interests. They can stand loneliness." It was the best chosen fly he could have attached to his hook. After one year, he said, spent in the treaty port of Shanghai, I would be appointed to some station in the interior with one other companion. The starting salary would be 450 pounds a year.

I discovered soon after joining the firm that both these facts were inaccurate. I would have to spend at least three years in the Shanghai office and maybe longer, and the salary was 360 pounds. What was more important to me, because of my interest in girls at Oxford, I should not be allowed to marry for the first four years after my appointment and only then with the permission of the directors. If I threw up the job before the end of my first year, I would not only have to pay my return fare, I would have to reimburse the company for my passage out.

I went to work—if you can call it that—almost at once. I was shown into a large office like a classroom where there were rows of desks. I felt as though I were back in the Junior School—to make the resemblance even closer the new boys, some half-a-dozen of them, were all placed at the front of the class.

There was absolutely no work for any of us to do. Far from being new boys who had to be bullied into learning, it seemed that we were favoured pupils who must be kept happy. We belonged to a privileged class because we were destined for China, though sometimes I felt we more closely resembled pampered prisoners who must not know the fate to which we were being led.

They gave us to read, to help continued on next page



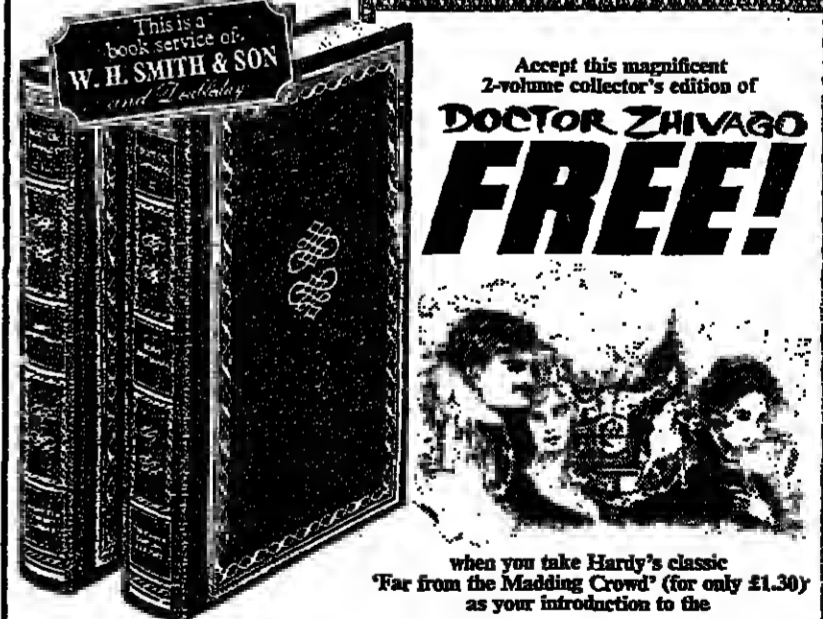
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The big battalions

MUSIC □ DESMOND SHAW-TAYLOR

A FRIEND of mine remarked the other day that the older he grew the less he liked conspicuousness in the arts and the more he relished inconspicuity. It is just as well, therefore, that he is not the owner of a season ticket to the Proms.

In their infancy, for fear of alarming the new public, the Proms exaggerated to the point of scrappiness the nineteenth century's natural taste for variety. What a change there has been since then! Programmes have become steadily more solid over the decades, until little now remains of the old-style miscellanies except a Viennese night, a Gilbert and Sullivan night and the last night.

True, there are some unusual mixtures this year; but the organisers show a compensating tendency to keep the audience on the job from seven till nearly midnight, or to assume that even the "Missa Solemnis" won't exhaust their appetite for the evening. The most public, the slowness of all now seem to be not so much the time-honoured and perhaps moribund sequence of overture, concerto, symphony as the programme-filling monolithic event, whether opera, oratorio, Passion or one of those Baroque-size symphonies like Mahler No 3 and No 8. During the first four evenings of last week the total number of works performed was only seven.

Though length need not imply prolixity, two of the week's composers, Bruckner and Mahler, seem normally to have composed with a frank disregard of an audience's assimilative power. Does the virtuous Brucknerite, as he watches his hero drive a stately path through the remaining 84 or so pages of some four-square finale, never secretly rejoice when a conductor makes one of those unauthorised or only semi-authorised cuts? I have done so, and felt less guilty when the late Erwin Stein once jocularly remarked that he lived in dread that someone would unearth, at the back of some dusty cupboard, still longer and more authentic versions of these works.

The single-event Prom that packed the Albert Hall on Tuesday, but sent us all home richly satisfied at the early hour of nine, is in fact one of the most shapely, concise and continuously inventive works in the repertory. It was Verdi's Requiem Mass, performed by E. R. Mass, performed by E. R. Mass, performed by E. R. Mass.

The special attraction of this work is that it shows us Verdi at the height of his powers, between "Aida" and "Otello", setting a dramatic and poetic text that is free from all complications of plot and involves not a line of explanatory recitative, since the muttered prayer of the solo soprano in the final Libera me is purely emotional. The composer responds with an outpouring of ideas and melodies abundant even by his own standards. With God-like precision, arias, duets and larger ensembles succeed one another, until the four soloists become like characters to us: the pleading tenor; the minatory bass, the majestic and mournful mezzo, the consolatory soprano, her eyes fixed on St. Michael and his victorious banner.

On Tuesday it was the last of

these personages who became the heroine of the evening. Heather Harper's soprano has been gaining in power and resonance for some time without the smallest loss of purity or control; and she filled out Verdi's lines with an ease of movement and beauty of tone that must be called mastery. Her sed signifier *Sonitus Michael* (has the word "but" ever been more wonderfully set?) stole like a ray of pure light across the gloom; only in the Libera me, "scored" as it is for the emotional tones of an Italian dramatic soprano, was not she not quite at home.

She received strong support from Cora Cappelletti, who in the part of the soprano lines the *Agnus Dei* subordinated her naturally wider vibrato so as to accord with Miss Harper and create the intended impression of a sheet of white writing paper deeply edged with black. Marius Rintzler, an accomplished Romanian bass, was the better of the male soloists; Charles Craig had his moments, but began his *Te Deum* disastrously flat. Apart from some over-owling tempi (as in the *Lacrymosa*) Signor Rossi gave a faithful and refined account of the score; and the BBC singers made the most of their big opportunity in the *Sonitus*.

Thursday's programme looked most interesting on paper, consisting of two vocal symphonies, Shostakovich's Fourteenth, dedicated to Britten, with Britten's own Spring Symphony after the interval to redress the emotional balance: outward-looking zest after melancholy, not to say mortuary gloom. Life after Death. But in the event a hot and sticky night and perhaps too little rehearsal time under the none too dynamic direction of John Pritchard left both works under-dramatised and colourless as to minimise the contrasts between and also within them.

The interpreters of the Shostakovich were not wholly to be blamed. This is no piece for the Albert Hall, but quite an intimate affair for two soloists, nineteen strings and a handful of (mainly pitched) percussion instruments. Soprano and bass often have to sing in a low register difficult to project into so large a hall. Milla Andrew and Nicola Gluscev gave intelligent and musical performances; but I suspect that they may have sounded a good deal more impressive to home listeners on Radio 3. Whether the BBC strings also sounded better in transmission is more doubtful; during some of the time their unfamiliarity with the notes was rather evident. In consequence Shostakovich's fast and feverish movements, his touches of grim irony, of classically lyrical stillness ("The Suicide") and of noble and bitter despair ("Oh, Delvige, Delvige!") slid past without making half their proper impact.

It is fair to add that the audience wildly applauded both works; but is not everything wildly applauded at the Proms? The delightful Spring Symphony received the dumbest, least tingling performance I have ever heard of from where I sat, for example, one simply couldn't hear these gentle schoolboys in their marvellous tune "When the rye reaches to the chin" (their whistling was better). Soloists: Anne Evans (rather good), Norma Procter, Kenneth Bowen.

AT A FESTIVAL the film one hasn't seen is always the one most enthusiastically recommended, and when I arrived at Cannes this year my friends consoled me by having missed the Louis Malle entry. Sometimes a controversial film will be repeated. But *Le Souffle au Coeur* was not, I gathered, in that class. I got the impression that it was rather a dear little thing.

New it is to be seen in London under the title *Dearest Love* (Curzon; Eastman colour; X). And I find it is about incest.

Hold on a bit. First it is about family life. It is about growing up, that is to say it is about sexual education, nowadays, apparently, the only form of education admitted in normal practice. And of course the subject is a boy. Girls, presumably, get on all right without education.

It is twelve years since Louis Malle started the cinema with the modest love-making of *Les Amants*—a scene which would pass almost unnoticed today, when the fashion is for goings-on more explicit and indeed more exotic. In his new film Louis Malle himself admits scenes which are a good deal more explicit; for instance the visit to the brothel arranged for the boy by his slightly older brothers. The boy (Benoît Ferreux) is fifteen; he still goes to a Scout camp in summer. There is a suggestion of affection rather than of homosexual stichment in the relation between him and a younger child; and a gesture, scarcely blameless, from a teacher and confessor is barely rebuffed. For the boy is not thinking in that direction. On the contrary, he is reading, and quite openly, *Histoire d'O*.

Heart of my heart

FILMS □ DILYS POWELL

I should be interested to know whether the book (which personally I find repellent) is required reading in Dijon, where the family live—the gynaeceologist father (Daniel Gelin), the three sons and the young, the very young, pretty, demonstrative Italian mother (Les Massari). Demonstrative in particular towards the boy, who returns her devotion in a manner which might remind one of D. H. Lawrence and Sons and Loves in this matter, were not well-heeled enough to afford secrecy and a lover. The whole family live in a state of near-anarchy far removed from one's idea of a provincial French bourgeois household. Nevertheless the detail—the glimpses of the boy's school, the family meals, the situation of the long-suffering, stout old ex-nanny—so often has the air of being based on truth that one readily accepts a great deal of the central, the growing-up theme.

Louis Malle may be occasionally explicit in the dialogue as well as in some of the compositions. But he is a serious director and can afford to show reserve. The film is elegantly and fluently played, free in movement but discreet in feeling. And when at last the young mother, as it were, almost by accident, receives the boy into her bed I don't think the action is calculated to send an audience blushing from the theatre. There is, however, another question—the effect not on

the audience but on the character of the boy. We are asked to believe that incest, acting as a kind of release, frees him from his mother. I am bound to say I can think of psychologically less risky ways of re-enacting the debauch of the virtuous Isidore.

I AM happy to report that one of the best horror-comics for years has turned up at the Carlton. The Abominable Dr Phibes (director Robert Fuest; colour; X) is about one of the vengeance-maniacs dear to the cinema. He is played by Vincent Price, and that is always a good start. What is more, he is played by Vincent Price in a Vincent Price mask (necessary to conceal a nasty accident to the face) which remains immobile while from beneath it the throat muscles transmit through a gramophone horn a sepulchral Vincent Price voice. Should the good doctor after a murder or two and a celebratory tango feel disposed for a glass of champagne it has to be tipped in through the earhole.

Meanwhile, on his vengeance rampage he is working off on his victims the celebrated plagues of Egypt—frogs, boils, hail, the lot. It is a task calling for great ingenuity on the part of the script-writers, James Whitton and William Goldstein. They don't fail; I particularly admire the device by which a party of summoned locusts are induced—but I

mustn't spoil the surprises. Not that the film is above borrowing an idea or two from fiction or even life. Like Feuilleton's hero, Dr Phibes is known to wear a bird-mask. Like Charles Pease, he is partial to the violin, and his mute femala accomplice (Virginia North in a splendid range of Art Nouveau costumes) solaces him with an al fresco solo while through his telescope he watches the well-organised plane-crash. And like Captain Nemo he is an organism—but the ideas are given a new twist, and this time it is one of those up-and-down cinema organs.

I think, though, that the film makes one mistake. A horror comic shouldn't have comic targets, and the choice of Perry Thomas for the plague of blood was overdoing things. But with so many good poker-face jokes, especially in the selection of once popular, Mighty Wurlitzer-type songs as musical accompaniment, one shouldn't complain. Perhaps Joseph Cotten (as one of the targets) isn't ideal in this kind of film. But most of the playing of note Peter Jeffrey as the Detective-Inspector is admirably poised between the realistic and the idiotic.

A STUDIO for student-sculptors is the setting of *The Best Age* (director Jaroslav Papoušek), a quiet Czechoslovakian comedy of manners about models, chiefly old retired men, and their reactions to the job. (New Cinema Club at The Place, August 31.)

AT THE Commonwealth Institute, Vavar Abbas is showing programmes of his documentary films about India, Indian types, Indian saints; strange, alien, fascinating. Performances (the last) on Wednesday and Thursday.

The pains of peace

PRIVATE WORLDS by Sarah Gainham/Weidenfeld & Nicolson £2 JOHN WHITLEY

THE year, 1951, the place, Vienna—still Harry Lime country, carved up between four squabbling Powers with a black market to keep the sewers in business. But if the first two of Sarah Gainham's books about the actress Julia Homburg—the pressures of the war in "Night Falls on the City" and the looking-glass world of Allied occupation in "A Place in the Country"—were designed to ruin her characters' noses in humanity's brutal underworld through the agency of the Nazi invasion of 1938, *Private Worlds*, the final volume, is concerned more with the laborious post-war reconstruction of that elegant Viennese façade which Lime never knew.

In short, Julia, now "rehabilitated" from the ludicrous accusations of Nazism though barely recovered from the death of the Jewish-Socialist husband she had hidden throughout the occupation, is trying to rebuild her career at the city theatre, a task made all the more difficult by the approach of middle age which forces a professional change of direction—for the first time she is cast as Cleopatra in Shakespeare's play.

To this theme of theatrical greatness, a constant refrain in the earlier books, is added a new star: Georg Kerényi. And, in retrospect, these two are seen to have dominated the sequence: as the only people to know of Julia's hidden husband in "Night Falls on the City," and as the scarred survivor of Nazism slowly adapting to the different demands of peace in "A Place in the Country." Indeed Kerényi was perhaps too intrusive in the latter, post-

war story but now, established Julia's second husband and edit of a powerful liberal magazine, he justifies star billing.

said that the theatre is a major element, and indeed perhaps the most enjoyable in all the sequence is this marvelous study of a great stage actor at work, the interplay of private and professional life, the "can over" of one into the other (as perhaps such an ambience is only way fully to convey the theatre of the absurd created by the Nazis). But "Private Worlds" has a sub-plot, a sudden reappearance of a Eichmann figure, a much-waited SS general, Tenius, husband of Julia's rival Hella Schmidt, which reactivates the sense of guilt of complicity and of complicity shared by the survivor forming a deeply moving illumination of those who, as Ju once told an American reporter do not "know what it is like live under a tyranny."

So life is still far from comfortable; even in their personal relationship Georg and Julia find tremendous problems start from constant reminders of a dead first husband and ending Georg's aroused desire dominate totally Julia who comes over as both warbur and improbable. This is a well-told and moving story, a reader's sympathy is in the really clear why the actress give, and there is also rather careless writing, of the ploddi sort, than in the earlier book. But "Private Worlds" do nevertheless, complete with a distinction, a brilliant, enthralling portrait of the victim of war and oppression.

SHORT REPORTS

The Muscovite by Alison MacLeod (Hodder & Stoughton £2.10).

Julia, the heroine of the novel, is a Russian who becomes friendly with the Tsar, even more so with Boris Goudonov, and Goudonov's ambassador to Moscow. Then, dubbed Sir Jerome Horsey, he even contemplates deserting England to rule at home and to transplant good old England's laws and customs among the Slavs until he is disillusioned by a particularly nasty Goudonov who, over his bride-to-be and has to survive innumerable poison attempts until he can escape to London. Only the complicated and unnecessary hash-back format makes this enjoyable and informative romp.

The Blue Heaven Bends Over All by Jane Oliver (Collins £2).

Fictional biography of Walter Scott. From privileged, sickly childhood through early struggles and happy marriage to years of success and eminence, Scott appears attractively open-minded. Despite absence of much of occasional folkiness, skilfully combines imaginative character and period recreation with solid research.

The Last of a Million Elephants by Asa Baker (Hutchinson £1.75).

Neutrality of peaceful South-East Asian opium paradise is menaced by British US military in search of opium war base. Insufferable wise man leads them to the plains and turns bombs into mushrooms. Riffard parable of our times. Simple but occasionally exquisitely apposite.

The Flag Captain by Alexander Kent (Hutchinson £1.95).

Further adventures of Hornblower's literary heir. Harassed by brutal admiral, mutiny, humane Captain Bolitho struggles honourably to keep the French down and Britain great in the Mediterranean. But the writing is stolid, like his hero.

The Baryshing of Lady Mary Ware by Dennis Wheatley (Hutchinson £2).

Roger Brook, British secret

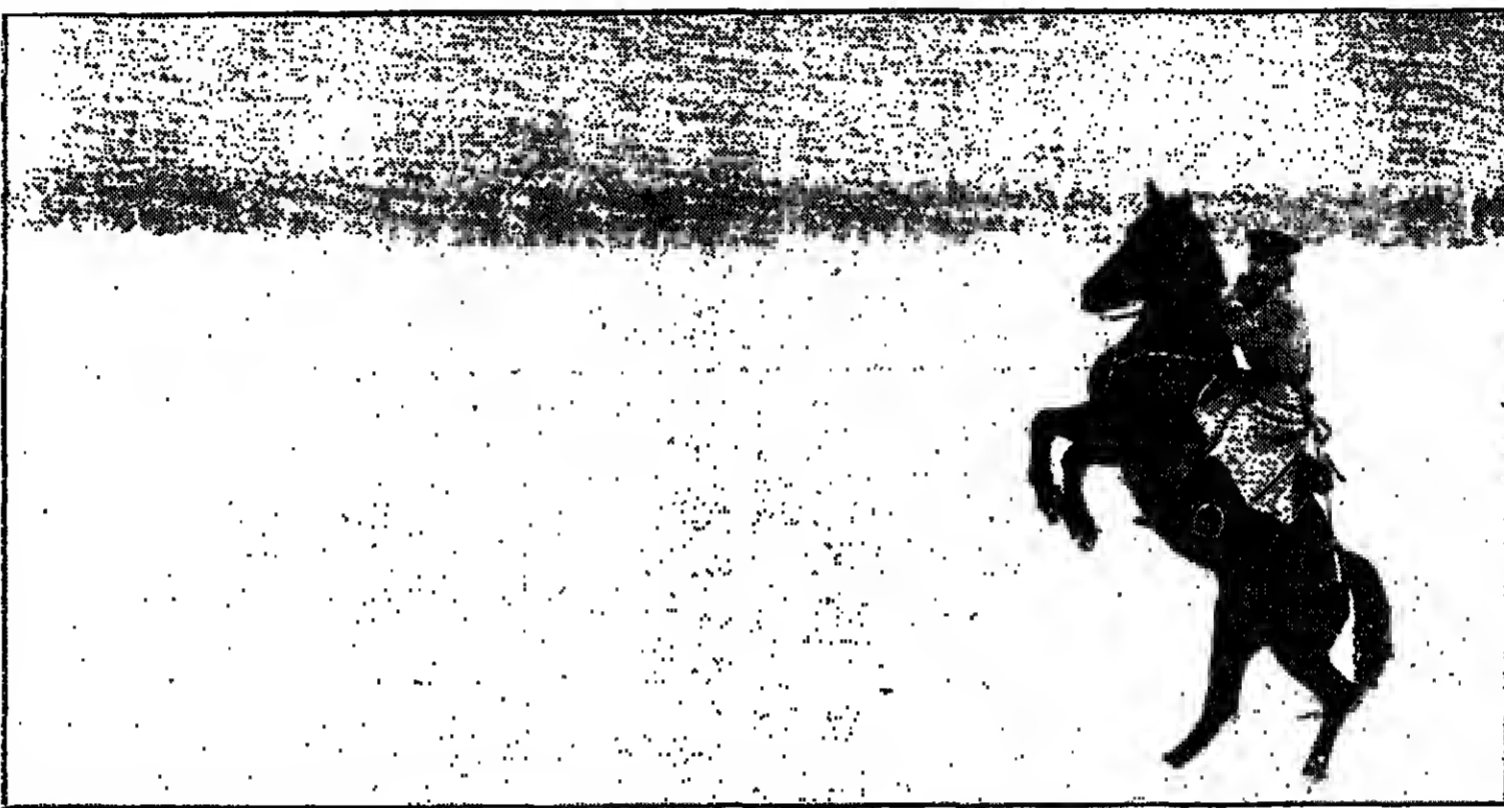
agent and Napoleon's ADC, long to retire but adulterous wife's death involves him in new love affair, conflict with old bandits and spying for Wellington. Ubiquitous, as ever, also meets Boudotte at Swedish court and witnesses flight from Moscow.

Chia, the Wildcat by Joyce Kilmer (Harvill £1.50). An unusual story about one of the wildest of wild creatures. Seldom seen by humans, he roams the woods by night in search of food for his kittens, always avoid predators, human and animal. An appealing picture of this intelligent and courageous beast against a rich background of woodland life.

Les Guerillères by Monique Wittig translated from the French by David Le Vay (Peter Owen £2.10). A myth of female victory, victory that, in the nature of myth, is at times far in the past, at times something still to achieve. The one element of doctrine—the need for female unity, the need to abolish male-made categories, the new one, even in its feminist context, are its enigmas of the female organs of sex. What is original is their realisation in a poetry of perfume and laughter, Bacchantic energy and blood.

Calico Palace by Gwen Bristow (Eyre & Spottiswoode £2.50). Californian gold rush epic. The fortunes of a woman, the fever's impact on various Easterners' lives, give context to glamorous lady gambler's romance and the growth of her opulent casino. Narrative sweep would have made it a Hollywood ostial fifteen years ago.

Read to Canossa by James Wood (Hutchinson £1.75). Northern Ireland rebel travel to Yorkshire to buy arms. But confronted with killer on run and gentle daughter of local industrialist changes his plans and principles. Vigorous narrative, sometimes bitterness of religious conflict without much enlightening its causes or morality.



An officer halts the marching Muscovites on Bloody Sunday, 1905: a striking scene from Franklin Schaffner's "Nicholas and Alexandra" which opens at the Odeon Leicester Square in November with Tom Bell as Rasputin, Michael Jayston as the Tsar Nicholas II and Janet Suzman as Alexandra. Laurence Olivier and Jack Hawkins also appear.

Musical marathon

FELIX APRAHAMIAN

CRITICAL COVERAGE of this year's Proms increasingly resembles running relays in a musical marathon. Last week two lengthy stretches fell to my lot. Both concerts were by the London Philharmonic Orchestra under their principal conductor, Bernard Haitink, and both were acclaimed by a packed Albert Hall.

As if in direct protest against the current experimental vogue for fragmentation, not only of the very stuff of music but of the symphonic establishment, the audience for the really large-scale late nineteenth-century works grows apace. In the London concert-room, as in recordings with his other, Amsterdam, orchestra, Haitink has abundantly proved his place among the elect of Mahler interpreters. On Monday,

his account of the mighty Third Symphony sounded as committed and moving as ever, with Norma Procter giving ample voice to Nietzsche's midnight ruminations and those admirable Wandsworth Boys pointing the L.F. Choir's song of heavenly bliss with their peevy vocal tintinnabulations.

On Thursday, the performance of Walton's Improvisations on a Britten Impromptu was not flawless, but still revealed new beauties in the score (just pub-

lished at £2.25 by the OUP), which grows richer as the piece progresses yet retains a fine transparency of sound throughout. John Lill was the utterly reliable and always musical soloist in a straightforward account of Beethoven's First Piano Concerto. After which Haitink again cast a spell on his vast, enthusiastic but also respectful audience, this time with the genial, good-natured strains of the Second Symphony of Anton

Bruckner, in which the first horn, Ronald Harris, well earned his special round of applause. The humble organist from Linn could hardly have dreamed of this kind of posthumous reception of his music in London when he came here to give one of the Albert Hall's inaugural organ recitals.

Appropos horn players, I see that last week I credited the BBC's always helpful musical PRO as a Prom soloist. Barrie Hall's almost nightly presence at the Proms is a continuing reminder that even a full Albert Hall only represents the iceberg-tip of the larger audience listening to the concert on Radio III. But it was, of course, Barry Tuckwell who played the Musgrave Horn Concerto.

Everything in the Garden

ART □ JOHN RUSSELL

THE Covent Garden exhibition at the Victoria & Albert Museum is not an event as to which I shall pretend to an unbiased judgment. In common with a great many other people, I love Covent Garden and can never go there too often or hear too much about it. Every twist and turn of Mr Alan Tagg's labyrinthine installation is of the keenest and most poignant interest to those who regard the Royal Opera House as one of the best reasons for living in London and the past twenty-five years the most consistently splendid in its history. Bother impartiality!

The exhibition has been designed by Mr Tagg on the lines of the Berlitz exhibition of 1969. It has the same lighting-master, in Mr Joe Davis, and it is a comparable amalgam of tableaux-vivants, snapshots of aerial sound, works of art, photographs, programmes, manuscripts and letters. It cannot, in the nature of things, rival the Berlitz show either in the number and quality of the works of art on offer or in its fullness as the portrait of an age; but in compensation we have film-clips of Callas and Gohli, Fonteyn and Nureyev, which are shown off with a genuine poetic imagination and are in themselves documents of the utmost beauty and rarity.

I don't know of a better commissioned portrait, over the last 50 years, than David Hockney's "Sir David Webster," which rightly presides over Section I of the show; and Christopher Wood's portrait of Constant Lambert in his first youth is one of the most touching things of its kind. Thereafter, the pictorial side of the show is of mainly documentary interest; it is clear, for instance, that the kind of stage-picture now most in favour does not adapt well as exhibition material, while much of the rest is fan-club stuff and posits an already-kindled interest.

Close study of the letters which make a tantalising appearance here and there (tantalising

because so often a crucial passage is tucked out of sight) will remind senior visitors of the very important role which was played by Maynard Keynes in the development of the activities here celebrated. Keynes knew a great deal about art, and as the husband of Lydia Lopokova he knew a great deal about the ballet, and as the key-figure in what later became the Arts Council he foresaw the need for public subsidies for both opera and ballet.

Keynes came of a generation which took it for granted that artists would be brought into the theatre. What had begun with Picasso, Matisse, Derain, Miro and Gontcharova was carried forward in the last months of Keynes' life by commissions to Edward Burra ("Carmen"), Robin and Christopher Ironside ("Der Rosenkavalier"), and Michael Ayrton ("The Faerie Queene"). The "Fidelio" still had heartfelt and unpretentious pre-war sets by Rex Whistler; and in 1947 an after-effect of Keynesian principles brought back Derain to Covent Garden with designs for "Mam'zelle Angot." Since then, the jobs have tended to go to professional stage-designers, on the grounds that they alone can exploit the new technical resources in deft and economical style.

Well, some of those first post-war productions took quite a beating at the time. So did Dall's designs for "Salome" (1949), as to which a fascinating telegram from the then Musical Director is printed in full in the catalogue. (It noted especially the phrase "Even No. 'Koolhaas' Place.") But the photographs in the show bear out my memory of the matter, which is that neither "Fidelio" nor "Carmen" nor "Der Rosenkavalier" has fared better since from the pictorial point of view: perhaps there is something to be said after all, for a hand-written quality in the look of the stage. (This is further borne out by such glimpses as we get at the V. & A. of John Craxton's designs for "Daphnis &

Chloe" and John Piper's for "The Prince of the Pagodas.")

"Twenty-five Years of Opera and Ballet" is the show's formal title, and it commemorates an era which, with Webster gone, Ashton gone, and Sidi gone, has been cut off as if by the guillotine. It has been preserved for us by the gramophone, to a certain extent, and on film, in a lesser but still vital degree. What is lacking is the contribution of art: we have only to go upstairs at the V. & A. in Degas' portrayal of the ballet in Meyerbeer's "Robert le Diable."

We don't have a Degas around? No, and we don't have Sickert, who let us so vivid a likeness out of us as if by the guillotine. But there is still a lot to be said for documentary painting; and in the enlarged Royal Opera House for which Lord Droghda makes a strong case in the catalogue there would be space for it, too.

The Prime Minister has lately bestowed such delicate attentions on Covent Garden—first by recommending Mr Sott for an honorary KBE, and second by making so lively and discerning a speech after Mr Sott's farewell performance—that I cannot resist hoping that he will be as attentive to the affairs of the National Gallery; and, more immediately, to the fate of the Harewood Tiltan.

The present position in this matter is that the Prime Minister has expressed himself as being in favour of the retention in this country of certain supremely fine works of art. The "Death of Actaeon" has been acknowledged as being in this category ever since it entered the collection of Queen Christina of Sweden in 1688. Close on two-thirds of the total purchase price has been a good as guaranteed by the National Gallery itself, by the National Art Collection Fund, and by the Pilgrim Trust. As a large slice of that purchase price will in any case revert to the Treasury there really is no valid argument against direct action by the Government.

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Directed by Terry Hands Designer: Timothy D'Brian
Sept 13, 14, 15, 22 (m & a), 23
Oct 11, 12, 13 (m & a), 22, 23 (m & a) Nov 4, 5

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Sept 13, 14, 15, 22 (m & a), 23
Oct 11, 12, 13 (m & a), 22, 23 (m & a) Nov 4, 5

OPENING 7 OCTOBER

James Joyce's
EXILES

Directed by Harold Pinter Designer: Eileen Dill
Oct 7, 8, 9 (m & a), 18, 19, 20, 21, 28, 29, 30 (m & a)
Nov 2, 3, 12, 13 (m & a)

Directed by Harold Pinter Designer: Eileen Dill

Oct 7, 8, 9 (m & a), 18, 19, 20, 21, 28, 29, 30 (m & a)
Nov 2, 3, 12, 13 (m & a)

Directed by Harold Pinter Designer: Eileen Dill

Oct 7, 8, 9 (m & a), 18, 19, 20, 21, 28, 29, 30 (m & a)
Nov 2, 3, 12, 13 (m & a)

Directed by Harold Pinter Designer: Eileen Dill

Oct 7, 8, 9 (m & a), 18, 19, 20, 21, 28, 29, 30 (m & a)
Nov 2, 3, 12, 13 (m & a)

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Oct 7, 8, 9 (m & a), 18, 19, 20, 21, 28, 29, 30 (m & a)
Nov 2, 3, 12, 13 (m & a)

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Nov 2, 3, 12, 13 (m & a)

ALDWYCH THEATRE

OPENING 13 SEPTEMBER

Sir George Etherege's
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Oct 11, 12, 13 (m & a), 22, 23 (m & a) Nov 4, 5

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Sept 13, 14, 15, 22 (m & a), 23
Oct 11, 12, 13 (m & a),

The people's poison...

Not all courses are dull! for the interesting ones turn to pages 30 and 31.

special title which has given us great pleasure is Professor O A W Dilke's *The Roman Land Surveyors* (£3.90), even discussing town and country techniques in classical times.

Should you want to take to the woods, may we recommend our reprint, with an introduction by Mrs Dorothy Middleton, of Francis Galton's *Art of Travel* (£2.75), selling briskly and getting widespread praise for being not just a Victorian period piece, but having surprising validity today even though you will probably not be in danger of going into a cannibal's pot!

Finally, on the countryside front, we have a very useful reference handbook in Charles Fox's *The Countryside and the Law* (£2.50), while David E. Costall's *The Prairie World* (£3.75) brings the rolling prairie and its natural history vividly to life.

Newton Abbot • Devon

WORLD OF SHAKESPEARE: Plants by Alan Dent/Osprey £12.20

GEOFFREY GRIGSON

Other poets picked up Crown imperial, Chapman before Shakespeare, Jonson after Shakespeare; I doubt if any of them knew it was a Bo Tree, which would not have upset Shakespeare, and you faced him with the fact, and which isn't the kind of thing which upsets Alan Dent in his own mind, raised into Shakespeare and plants. He cannot forget that Shakespeare wrote plays and that flower speeches, whether involving Prosperpine in Dis's wagon or Ophelia in the willow brook, are parts of a drama. So he recalls this or that flower moment in the theatre, Shakespeare's flowers prompting him also to a swipe at Shakespeare's editors.

Some things he advances I am not swallowing. He is a Scot, he believes that when Shakespeare said, harelbe he means what a Scots means by a bluebell. No, he meant what an Englishman means by a bluebell. Then Ophelia and he are long purples; they weren't purple-and-Ladies, they were Early purple Orchises, for which Gerard, if not Warwickshire shepherds (both, I would sup-

pose) had grosser names, because each long purple orchid rises from a pair of testicles.

But wait till Alan Dent catches up with fern-seed—with Gadshill saying, "We have the receipt of fern-seed, we walk invisible." He quotes the annotations of six "accepted scholars," working backwards from Dover Wilson to Dr Johnson. Not one of them is clear about the magical explanation of fern-seed, and they crib from one another, until you get to Dr Johnson, who cries, lazily verbatim, from Gerard's Herbal.

I suppose Alan Dent's objection is that editors don't edit from the stage as well as the page. He cannot interpret for us the cursed juice of hebenia or hebenon (another word without leaves, so to say, which Shakespeare had picked up from poetry— from Gower or Marlowe); but thank him I must for that swipe at the intellectual backside of (in some ways) horrible Dr Johnson; and swipes at other editorial sins of vagueness and emendation.

IN MY FASHION

SHOP TALK

by Ernestine Carter



Hair by Celine at the House of Leonard
Photographs by Julian Allston

THEA PORTER COUTURE
(left): Machine-smocking shapes a bodice in Abraham's cream silk, its blue-edged maroon Regency stripes broken by formalised blue flowers. £50. of Theo Porter. Navy patent pumps, bowed and bordered in navy peau de sole. £14.50 from Roynce, Old Bond Street. (Above) Hand-smocking ends a low V-neck in Brochier's black silk chiffon scattered with roses printed in cream and brown, and sub-culm block. £107, at Theo Porter. Black suede strappy sandals. £19.95 at Russell & Bromley.

KEEPING UP

Thea Porter is moving faster than her diminutive size and whispery voice would lead you to believe. On May 16th, she announced her first ready-to-wear collection. The next day she opened her New York shop in one of East 6th Street's brownstone houses.

own shop. When the wholesale operation gets under way, she will be able to sell all over America and abroad, as well as here. The first ready-to-wear collection, mainly young party dresses, is priced from £25 to £45.



Drawing by James Farnsworth

● Laura Aponte is one of the great names in Italian knitwear, but, oddly enough, her clothes have not been seen much in this country. Now you can find them at Liberty's. Typical of her clever shaping is the dress sketched above: the top and sleeves rib-knit in black, silver-threaded; the skirt and ruffled cuffs plain-knit in vivid stripes. £75, exclusive to Liberty.



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IT WAS PURELY by chance that last week I found myself lunching with two tailors, New Yorker, John Weitz, and Londoner, Doug Hayward. Each typifies the meritocracy of his home town. Each is a success by any yardstick. But two men more widely different would be hard to find.

Though their trades are similar, they are at opposite ends of the pole. One caters for the few, the other for the many. Their only similarity is their slender height; they are eyeball to eyeball at six foot three.

John Weitz, who says he wanted to be the first American to be a world wide designer switched from designing for women to designing for men seven years ago. His designs are now manufactured in the USA, Europe and Japan.

His is Big Business. Fourteen sales staffs cope with his production, "about 2,000 people, each a specialist in his field. The fields now embrace all items of menswear, including wrist-watches.

Mr Hayward (Doug or Douglas, he begs, anything but Doug) is a bespoke tailor. Where Mr Weitz has expanded his business to global proportions, Mr Hayward expands into other areas in order, he says, "to be free to run his own business without compromise." These other interests include the dining club which he started last year with the Earl of Lichfield (they resisted the temptation of calling it "Lord & Tailor" and settled for Burke's) a hair shop, "Cheveers" in Shepherd's Market, and, most recently, the Jamaica Pattice.

Mr Hayward is very enthusiastic about the Pattice. "It's like a Cornish pasty, very tasty; we sold 10,500 last week." He has set up a hair shop, and a small shop in the Portobello Road. "It's open till 10.30 every night, and Saturday afternoons I work there behind the counter. It's nice for me because that's where I come from."

Mr Weitz went to school in England (St Paul's, where John Cavanagh was a year ahead of him); Mr Hayward went to



JOHN WEITZ



DOUG HAYWARD

Southall Grammar School—"a bitter failure." Mr Weitz started work at 16. Mr Hayward beat him by a year. He started as an apprentice at 15 "at 30 bob a week. The fares to Regent Street were 15 shillings, two and tenpence went to National Insurance, ten shillings went to Mum and they left me two and sixpence."

To be out, he took work home: a pair of sleeves for which he got one and six. "They took me all night," he remembers. "I got quite good at sleeves."

At eighteen he went into the Navy and when he came out, did one more year's apprenticeship. He was twenty-one when he started looking for a job in a shop. "I went in and said 'What about a job see?' and was told that they didn't want Cockney accents. Up to then, he hadn't realised he had an accent "because everybody I knew talked like me." No shop in Savile Row would take him, and he finally got a job in Shepherd's Bush "where everybody talks that way."

[He still has a lively trace, just enough to crisp his jokes.] Four years ago he opened his present elegant premises in Mount Street. Designed by Ciancimino, the showroom has a floor of marble squares, banded in teak, walls of grey flannel, low stools in brown suede. The tailoring shop overlooks the church garden. There are ten in staff at Mount Street, twenty-five at the Fulham workshop.

Mr Hayward is really happy when he makes a good suit. "I doubt if Mr Weitz has ever dressed a private customer. He is a theorist, a designer, who has won many awards, was one of the first men to be on the Best Dressed List, is now in their Hall of Fame."

thing that goes wrong is blamed on the Mayor. He seemed rather surprised that the English (ie, the Press and Mr Hayward) were so sympathetic to Mr Lindsay's change of political heart.

Between jet hops, he has found time to write a book "The Value of Nothing" which tares the covers off the Seventh Avenue rag trade. He is now writing another—quite different, he says, "reassuring, actually."

In a way, one feels, he resents the pressures of bigness, although he chose to be big. "In the USA, we're so concerned with marketing. The marketing people tell us what to make. We can't sell side vented suits; we must have suits with back vents. IBM machines tell us that this year shoulders have grown an inch. Bodies are getting bigger. 747 seats are bigger. The Japanese are growing bigger."

Men, it seems, are not only growing bigger, they are growing differently. In fact, says Mr Hayward, they are changing their shapes. When trousers had tight waistbands and pleats in front, they bulged below. Now that trousers are snugly fitted and flat in front, they bulge above.

The contrast between the two men extends to their ideas about fashion. Mr Weitz essentially designs for men like himself (younger versions, he would say)—extrovert outdoors (he is a keen sailor and used to be a crack racing driver), informal, sporting clothes for non-sportsmen ("the best sport is loafing"). He sees "adapted work clothes as the clothes of the future."

Mr Hayward didn't prophesy. He merely noted that lots of his customers had gone bippie. "They'd come in in their shirts and beads saying they'd never wear suits again. Now they're back. Look at Fred Astaire—his sort of elegance will always be elegant."

What they were wearing illustrated their different points of view. Mr Weitz' suit (his own design) was a cool, casual cotton woven in blue and white checks. "That's a very good suit," said Mr Hayward. "So off-the-peg," replied Mr Weitz proudly. Mr Hayward's suit (his own make) was a formally tailored olive drab saxony cloth. Neither of us asked how much it cost.



Tipperary to the Taj Mahal.

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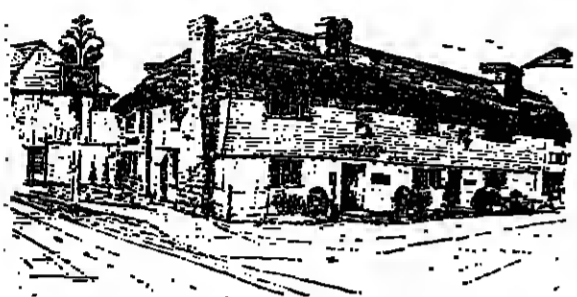


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Proprietor: Hugh Ross Corbett

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Managers: Mr. and Mrs. H. Keenleyside

A small residential hotel situated in the main street of Bognor. It has a Georgian exterior tastefully modernised with comfortable bars and a restaurant seating 60, which is open to non-residents.

High Street, Bognor Regis
Telephone: Bognor Regis 29140



The Old Hall

A Schooner Inn

A stately white building set in spacious grounds on Tamworth Road, just outside Coventry, the Old Hall offers three bars—Guinevere's Bar, The Knight's Bar and Arthur's Hall—plus two restaurants all with a novel and exciting decor on a Camelot theme. In the two restaurants, Pendragon's Pantry on the ground floor and the Squire's Kitchen, reached by the grand and imposing spiral staircase, patrons can choose from a superb menu which includes T-bone, rump and sirloin steaks, chicken, gammon and pineapple, and popular fish dishes. The prices are very reasonable, the total cost of a meal being around a pound or even less. This includes the main course, all the trimmings and a sweet or selection from the cheeseboard and a roll and butter. An evening at the Old Hall will certainly be memorable, although inexpensive.

Tamworth Road, Keresley, Coventry



The Bell House

Proprietors: Newling Ward Hotels Limited
Manager: Frederick Clarke

Considered by many to be the finest small Country Hotel in England, the Bell House cossets its guests in unspoiled luxury and delights their palates with its superb cuisine and the rarest of wines.

The Bell House is ideal for that long, lazy weekend, as a touring centre for the West Country, or purely for a relaxing holiday to sample the delights of the Restaurant.

The Hotel has recently changed hands and is now owned by a small company specialising in the operation of country hotels, while the standards for which the Bell House has become famous will be maintained some of the anomalies in the price structure have been revised.

Sutton Benger, Nr. Chippenham, Wiltshire
Telephone: Seagry 336 nr 401



The George-in-the-Tree

A Schooner Inn

This historic coaching inn is over 300 years old, and its unusual name was inspired by an incident when King George IV, on a hunting trip, sheltered in a nearby tree, from a sudden thunderstorm, and afterwards refreshed himself at the inn. There are three bars, including the Bark and Bite, which is dominated by a huge sculptured tree, the intimate and tastefully decorated Rooster Bar and the comfortable Prince's Perch. The Bark and Bite Restaurant and the Rooster Restaurant offer a choice of superb sirloin, sirloin or T-bone steaks, as well as more exotic dishes such as Coq-au-vin and Duck à l'Orange. Whilst the food is of the highest quality, the prices are extremely low. About a pound covers the main course, vegetables or salad, roll and butter, and a sweet or selection from the cheeseboard.

The George-in-the-Tree is situated at Balsall Common, a few miles south of Coventry, and is well worth a visit.

Kenilworth Road, Balsall Common, Warwick



Dunblane Hydro

A Reo Skatis Hotel

Dunblane Hydro, in the heart of Perthshire—first-class bedrooms, many with private bath, spacious dining rooms, attractive bars, large indoor heated swimming pool, tennis courts, within easy reach of facilities for fishing and two of Scotland's finest golf courses. The food is interesting and varied, well cooked and served.

Often referred to as Central Scotland's Entertainment Centre, Dunblane Hydro caters for all ages. Jim McLeod and his famous Band are resident, and the Hydro has its own superb Discotheque complete with refreshment and cocktail bars.

You can mix pleasure with business at Dunblane. The Home of Conferences for years, The Hydro accommodates 250 delegates. One hour from Edinburgh and Glasgow. Special family weekend rates available.

Dunblane, Perthshire, Scotland
Dunblane 2551



The Robin Hood

A Schooner Inn

Attractively situated on the edge of Richmond Park, the Robin Hood has a distinctive Sherwood Forest theme. The three bars, the Flying Arrow, the Stringing Flier and the Hide-Out, and the two restaurants, the Happy Haunch and the Treetops, reflect in name and decor the legend of Robin Hood. The superb menu includes sirloin, rump, T-bone and fillet steaks, roast duckling, scampi or sole—each at the very reasonable price of around a pound or even less, which covers a roll and butter, all the trimmings and a sweet or selection from the cheeseboard.

Patrons can be assured of a pleasant and inexpensive meal in fascinating and intimate surroundings.

Kingston Vale, London, S.W.15



The Bedford Arms Hotel

Proprietors: Newling Ward Hotels Limited
Manager: Michael Spratt

Woburn is probably the most complete, unspoilt Georgian town in England. The Bedford Arms is very much the focal point of the town and once a major posting house, has a fascinating history. Re-opening 6th September, after massive renovations, the Bedford Arms will provide its guests with every modern comfort, keeping past character and elegance. Twenty-six of the forty-one bedrooms have private bathrooms, all are centrally heated and provide radios, telephones and televisions. The restaurant will strive for highest standards of cuisine and will provide an exciting and varied menu.

Woburn, Bedfordshire
Telephone: Woburn 441 or 221



The Crown

A Schooner Inn

A 300-year-old coaching house just south of Leicester, on the A6, the Crown has recently been extensively rebuilt and now offers two bars and a pincushion restaurant on four split levels. The old world character has been retained in the tasteful decor of the Crown Bar, with its ancient timbers, the Glen Bar and the Sizzler Restaurant, which has a cathedral ceiling. The menu includes sirloin, rump and T-bone steaks, roast duckling, scampi and sole, which are each very reasonably priced at about a pound. This covers not only the main course, but also vegetables or salad, roll and butter, and a sweet or selection from the cheeseboard.

The Crown is undoubtedly one of the most fascinating and enjoyable drinking and dining venues in the Leicester area.

Great Glen, Leicester



The Normandy Hotel

A Reo Skatis Hotel

A new 150 bedroom luxury hotel in its own landscaped grounds situated at Inchinnan Road, Renfrew, Scotland, opened in 1971 by the Reo Skatis Organisation. Only one mile from Glasgow Airport, to which there are thirty scheduled flights per day from London, Manchester, Birmingham and all main airports.

The Normandy, 20 minutes from Glasgow's city centre, offers the highest standards in cuisine and service. All bedrooms have private bath, television, radio, etc., and are sound-proofed—excellent in every way for the businessman visiting the Glasgow area. The Normandy is also an ideal base for touring Scotland being within easy reach of the gorgeous Clyde Coast, the famous Burns Country, Loch Lomond, and the Trossachs. The Normandy has two magnificent banqueting and conference suites, one for up to 700 guests.

Renfrew, Scotland
Telephone: 041-886 4108



The Halland Hotel

Proprietor: Mr. R. J. Ledger

Whether it's for a fortnight, a week or just a weekend, your stay at the Halland is something you will remember with pleasure. Water sports, golf, tennis, horseriding, fishing are all locally available. Nor will you forget the Halland's good food, comfortable rooms, bars, dancing, and direct access to the sands of Seagrove Bay. The Halland is the place to get away from it all and it's open all the year round (centrally heated, of course). For the perfect English Holiday, take advantage of the off-season rates.

Pier Road, Seaview, Isle of Wight
Telephone: Seaview 2222



Sopwell House Hotel

Proprietors: Newling Ward Hotels Limited
Manager: Edward Meyer

A charming Georgian mansion surrounded on one side by an excellent Golf Course and on the other by acres of beautiful gardens. The delightfully decorated bedrooms are all provided with bathrooms, radios, telephones and televisions, and present a haven of peace to City weary guests.

The Restaurant has become renowned for the excellence of its French Cuisine and exemplary service.

The hotel provides a superb setting for Wedding receptions and small banquets and is an ideal location for business conferences. Less than 20 miles from the centre of London, Sopwell House is the Country House Hotel 'par excellence'.

St. Albans, Hertfordshire
Telephone: St. Albans 64477



Swiss Centre Restaurants

When in London you must visit the Swiss Centre Restaurants, 4 restaurants under one roof with 4 different menus. 364 seats open 364 days a year from 11.30 hrs-11.00 hrs. (last orders midnight). You can obtain a hot meal anytime the restaurants are open. They are licensed and have a first-class cellar of Swiss Wines, Spirits and Liqueurs. We are renowned for after theatre suppers at reasonable prices. Tea, coffee and Swiss Gâteaux, made on the premises, are available every afternoon. There is a garage on the premises. The Gourmet Corner with a range of Swiss chocolates, meats, wines, gâteaux, cheese plus a big selection of gifts and souvenirs is open Monday to Friday until 20.00 hrs., Saturday 18.00 hrs.

2 New Coventry St., London, W.1
Telephone: 01-734 1291



The Aubrey Park Hotel

Proprietors: Mr & Mrs P. S. Garbutt

Set in seven acres of park and woodland, the hotel offers a choice of two memorable restaurants. There's the Beaumont Room, an elegant restaurant with a fine and varied cuisine, or perhaps you would prefer the friendly medieval surroundings of the recently opened Osters Room. Here, low beams, oak furniture, pewter and a traditional bill of fare help to re-create the atmosphere of an Old English Inn.

A weekend away spent in one of the well-appointed motel style rooms at Aubrey Park would give you the opportunity to try both of these fine restaurants. We look forward to welcoming you.

Redbourn, near Hemel Hempstead, Herts (5 miles
St Albans, 4 miles Hemel Hempstead)
Redbourn 2105. Egon Ronay recommended. AA, RAC



Sully House Restaurant

Romantically situated on the coast, but easily found, 6 miles from Cardiff, overlooking the craggy shore to Sully Island. The Sully House Restaurant offers delicious French cuisine and a choice of excellent wines in haven of cosy luxury. Private room available for banqueting. 5 bedrooms, each with private bath. Open throughout the year every day except Sundays.

Swanbridge, Glamorgan
Telephone: Sully 448



Thurlestone Hotel

In the peaceful old world village is the exclusive 3 star Thurlestone hotel—private bathroom, lift, hairdressing salon, beauty pool, badminton, squash, pitch and put golf course—all by the sea at Thurlestone. Nearby is the LINKS HOTEL adjoining at 18-hole full-size golf course.

Thurlestone, Nr. Kingsbridge, Devon
Telephone: 054-857 382



Rumpels Restaurant

AA Rosette, RAC Rosette, Egon Ronay, Ashley Courtenay, American Express

"In Paris you are famous." This was said to Rumpels by a Parisian businessman when asked how he knew of them. Rumpels modestly admits its connoisseur standards of cuisine can please even the most critical French palate. Their warm genuine friendliness is also well known; people remember the softly lit whispering quiet of the restaurant rooms, the peace, and the haunting beauty of Romney Marshes with big sunsets and miles and miles of waving rushes... To Stay—Rumpels Hotel offers each room colour television, own en-suite bathroom, C.H., close carpeting and includes morning tea and English Continental breakfast. To Reach us—By road: Main A268 from London. By Sea—Cross Channel Ferry to Dover. By Air—Ashford Airport.

Rye Foreign, Rye, Sussex
Tel.: Peasmarsh 313



Le Napoleon

Le Napoleon brings a touch of Paris to Cardiff. The dark intimacy of the surroundings, the French voices of the staff, and the rewarding spectacle of the Chef and his team at work in the open kitchen would make even a Frenchman feel at home. The Chef proprietor, Edouard Hennequin, prepares each dish as it is ordered, believing each course should be savoured and diners should relax between dishes. Every dish and the excellent menu is a creation of Maitre de Cuisine, for those who enjoy good food and wish for a memorable evening out.

7/9 Oxford Arcade, Cardiff
Telephone: Cardiff 387794



The White Horse Hotel

Managers: Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Critchley

The original building was one of the oldest in Sussex and a well-known rendezvous for smugglers whose contraband was stored in large cellars beneath the roadway. Kipling lived here before he moved to Burwash, and the house in which Burne-Jones lived can still be seen.

Rottingdean
Telephone: Brighton 31955

Educational Arts Review

North East London Polytechnic

Degree Courses of the CNA

BSc Electrical Engineering (Hons & Ord)
Four year sandwich degree courses of the Council for National Academic Awards (CNA) in which both Honours and Ordinary courses have a common first year.

BSc Applied Biology (Hons & Ord)
Four year sandwich degree courses offering a choice from bio-chemistry, animal physiology and pharmacology, plant physiology, microbiology. The third year is spent in industry.

BA Business Studies (Hons)
This four year sandwich course leads to specialisation in marketing or finance. Academic study is related to actual work situation during the sandwich period.

BSc Land Surveying Sciences (Ord)
This is a three year full-time course. It emphasises principles and scientific method enabling the graduate Land Surveyor to meet the challenges of rapid change.

BSc Applied Economics (Hons)
This is a full-time course of three years duration. It is designed to prepare students for responsible positions as specialists in economics - the business and governmental fields.

BSc Civil Engineering (Hons & Ord)
This four year sandwich course, commencing September 1971, replaces the London University Internal Degree Course.

University of London Degree Courses

The following 3-year full-time courses are available:

The New BSc Degree in Science Subjects

The BSc Degree scheme was introduced by the Polytechnic in the session 1970/71. It offers degree courses in the physical, biological and human sciences. Students may take either a one subject degree course or a two subject degree course.

One subject degree course. The following subjects are offered: Botany, Chemistry, Mathematics (options include Computation, Statistics and Operational Research), Physics, Psychology, Zoology.

Two subject degree course. Two subjects selected from: Bio-chemistry, Botany, Chemistry, Geology, Mathematics (options include Computation and Statistics), Physics, Physiology, Psychology, Statistics, Zoology.

BSc Chemical Engineering (Hons)

BSc Mechanical Engineering (Hons)

BA General

Choice of three subjects from: English, History, Economics, Geography, Pure Mathematics, Applied Mathematics and Psychology. (Geography and Psychology cannot be combined.)

For further information and details of entry requirements please write to:

The Registrar, Ref. AB114

North East London Polytechnic,

Forest Road, London, E17 4JB.

Telephone: 01-527 0933.

pcl

The Polytechnic of Central London

courses in engineering and science

The following courses are housed in specially designed and fully equipped premises opened in September 1970

Full-Time Council for National Academic Awards

B.Sc. Ordinary Degree in Civil Engineering*

B.Sc. Ordinary Degree in Electrical Engineering

B.Sc. Ordinary Degree in Mechanical Engineering

B.Sc. Honours Degree in Photographic Technology

B.Sc. Honours Degree in Physics

M.Sc. Degree in Transportation Planning and Management*

External Degrees of the University of London

B.Sc. Engineering—Mechanical

B.Sc. Honours Degree—Revised Regulations (replacing the B.Sc. General and B.Sc. Special Degrees). Up to three subjects selected from: Biochemistry, Botany, Chemistry, Computation, Mathematics, Physics, Physiology, Psychology, Statistics, Zoology. There are opportunities to specialise in Mathematics or Zoology.

Higher National Diploma Computer Studies

Sandwich Council for National Academic Awards

B.Sc. Honours Degree in Civil Engineering*

B.Sc. Honours Degree in Electrical Engineering

Higher National Diploma Mechanical and Production Engineering

Part-Time B.Sc. Ordinary Degree in Applied Computing

For full details and application form please apply direct to: The Administrative Officer (RES/HH)

The Polytechnic of Central London, 115

New Cavendish Street,

London, W1M 8JS

(01-498 5811 Ext 237).

* For courses in Civil Engineering enquiries should be addressed to the Administrative Officer (RACE).

35 Marylebone Road,

London NW1 5LS.

Other part-time courses are also offered.

Brochures will be sent on request. Please state area of study.

BOURNEMOUTH COLLEGE OF TECHNOLOGY

DEGREES

BA. GENERAL—Economics, English, French, Geography, German, History, Law.

B.Sc. (ECONOMICS) (HONS)—Industry and Trade, Government, Geography, Economics, International Relations, Statistics.

B.Sc. (ENGINEERING) (HONS)—ELECTRICAL (including Electronics).

B.Sc. (MATHEMATICAL SUBJECTS)—Pure Mathematics, Mathematical Methods, Statistics, Computation, Applied Mathematics.

B.Sc. (SCIENCE SUBJECTS)—Botany, Chemistry, Geography, Mathematics, Physics, Statistics, Zoology.

HIGHER NATIONAL DIPLOMAS

(One 'A' Level Entry)

H.N.D. in Business Studies (Full-time); 1. Data Processing; 2. Marketing; 3. Professional Studies; 4. Tourism.

H.N.D. in Business Studies (Sandwich); 1. Business Computing; 2. Cost Accounting or Company Secretariat; 3. Productivity Services.

H.N.D. in Hotel and Catering Administration (Sandwich); H.N.D. in Mechanical Engineering (Sandwich); Fuel Technology; Mechanical and Production Engineering.

Entry to the above courses requires GCE 'A' levels, Ordinary National Diplomas or Ordinary National Certificates.

These courses are recognised for Local Education Authority Awards for University courses.

BOURNEMOUTH COLLEGE OF TECHNOLOGY

is situated in the heart of bustling Bournemouth—it's a great place to live and an excellent place to learn. The college facilities are attractive—small classes, individual attention, well-equipped laboratories, an excellent library, good accommodation and a great and varied social life as arranged by the very active Student's Union.

Enquiries for Prospectus, further information and advice should be made to the Registrar, Room 47, College of Technology, Bournemouth, BH1 3JF. Tel: Bournemouth 5841.

THE HATFIELD POLYTECHNIC

VEHICLE ENGINEERING

(Major option in the C.N.A.A. Degree Courses in Mechanical Engineering)

Vehicle Engineering—the engineering of structures, for the transport of persons or things, especially by land—is a principle and dynamic property of vehicle structures. Their appearance and their manufacture.

This course is a new major option in the C.N.A.A. Degree Courses in Mechanical Engineering. It is designed to provide a student of vehicle engineering with a broad and balanced education in the design, construction and maintenance of vehicles.

The course includes the study of the design, construction and maintenance of vehicles, including the engine, chassis, body and electrical systems.

Entry to this course requires GCE 'A' level in Mathematics and Physics, or equivalent.

Further details and admission requirements may be obtained from the Administrative Officer, Hatfield Polytechnic, Hatfield, Herts. GU8 5ST.

WATFORD COLLEGE OF TECHNOLOGY

Full-time and Sandwich Degree Courses 1971/72

Watford College of Technology offers an unusually wide range of courses, including:

1. B.Sc. (Economics) (Hons) - Full-time

2. B.Sc. (Engineering) (Hons) - Full-time

3. B.Sc. (Mathematical Subjects) - Full-time

4. B.Sc. (Science Subjects) - Full-time

5. H.N.D. in Business Studies - Full-time

6. H.N.D. in Mechanical Engineering - Full-time

7. H.N.D. in Production Engineering - Full-time

8. H.N.D. in Computer Studies - Full-time

9. H.N.D. in Hotel and Catering Administration - Full-time

10. H.N.D. in Textiles - Full-time

11. H.N.D. in Transport Studies - Full-time

12. H.N.D. in Urban Studies - Full-time

13. H.N.D. in Visual Arts - Full-time

14. H.N.D. in Music - Full-time

15. H.N.D. in Drama - Full-time

16. H.N.D. in Film Studies - Full-time

17. H.N.D. in Social Studies - Full-time

18. H.N.D. in History - Full-time

19. H.N.D. in Geography - Full-time

20. H.N.D. in Law - Full-time

21. H.N.D. in Politics - Full-time

22. H.N.D. in Sociology - Full-time

23. H.N.D. in Psychology - Full-time

24. H.N.D. in Philosophy - Full-time

25. H.N.D. in Religion - Full-time

26. H.N.D. in Art - Full-time

27. H.N.D. in Design - Full-time

28. H.N.D. in Architecture - Full-time

29. H.N.D. in Landscape Architecture - Full-time

30. H.N.D. in Town Planning - Full-time

31. H.N.D. in Urban Planning - Full-time

32. H.N.D. in Regional Planning - Full-time

33. H.N.D. in Environmental Planning - Full-time

34. H.N.D. in Transport Planning - Full-time

35. H.N.D. in Urban Design - Full-time

36. H.N.D. in Landscape Design - Full-time

37. H.N.D. in Urban Conservation - Full-time

38. H.N.D. in Urban Regeneration - Full-time

39. H.N.D. in Urban Development - Full-time

40. H.N.D. in Urban Management - Full-time

41. H.N.D. in Urban Policy - Full-time

42. H.N.D. in Urban Research - Full-time

43. H.N.D. in Urban Theory - Full-time

44. H.N.D. in Urban Practice - Full-time

45. H.N.D. in Urban Education - Full-time

46. H.N.D. in Urban Training - Full-time

47. H.N.D. in Urban Development - Full-time

48. H.N.D. in Urban Management - Full-time

49. H.N.D. in Urban Policy - Full-time

50. H.N.D. in Urban Research - Full-time

51. H.N.D. in Urban Theory - Full-time

52. H.N.D. in Urban Practice - Full-time

53. H.N.D. in Urban Education - Full-time

54. H.N.D. in Urban Training - Full-time

55. H.N.D. in Urban Development - Full-time

56. H.N.D. in Urban Management - Full-time

57. H.N.D. in Urban Policy - Full-time

58. H.N.D. in Urban Research - Full-time

59. H.N.D. in Urban Theory - Full-time

60. H.N.D. in Urban Practice - Full-time

Apply now for arts

By Alex Finer

The Sunday Times DEGREE SERVICE

THE RUSH for arts places throughout higher education has continued unchecked this year. Competition for the remaining vacancies in polytechnics and technical colleges is already severe and students who want these arts places should contact their local advisory officers as soon as possible. (For details, see chart.)

Polytechnics and technical colleges have always concentrated on vocational education and consequently most degree and diploma courses are offered in non-arts subjects. But the prospect of growing numbers of unemployed arts graduates has led to a healthy optimism in career and industry-aligned arts courses.

A pioneer degree in modern studies at Sheffield Polytechnic illustrates the attempt to bridge the gap between the arts and industry. Studies will include modern history, politics and quantitative methods. Students also spend a short period during the course working on projects in industry. But the degree allows students to delay their choice of career until late into the course.

Industrial opportunities are also stressed in the new applied modern languages—four-year degree course at Newcastle Poly. Economics forms the basis and occupies a quarter of the time. Language courses are offered in French, German, Russian and Spanish. At least six months are spent at a foreign university. Tony Birney, course tutor, says: "The distinguishing feature of the course is the intensive development of spoken and written skills and their application to economics and foreign economies."

Two new degrees at Portsmouth Polytechnic will prepare language students for specialist careers in business, as well as offering exciting opportunities for travel. Students enrolled on the four-year Latin American Studies degree will spend a year in Mexico; the Polytechnic has already forged links with three Mexican universities and students are expected to spend a year in Mexico and Latin American affairs by the time they graduate.

Dr F. G. Healey, head of Portsmouth's modern languages department, says: "We aim to turn out graduates who can be immediately of use to British companies with business interests in that part of the world. They will be men and women who can step off a plane in Rio, Santiago or Mexico City and feel comparatively at home."

The new Russian and Soviet Studies degree at Portsmouth includes one month's study in Russia in the second and third years, while representations currently being made by the International Association of Russian Teachers could lead to six to 12-month visits.

MORE THAN 50 new arts degrees have been approved this year by the Council for National Academic Awards (CNA). Most are strongly linked to future careers, but a few new non-vocational courses start this autumn.

Hendon College of Technology, part of the proposed Middlesex Poly, adds a CNA BA Modern English Studies degree to the existing London External BA in English which has been running since 1964. The new three-year course is divided into major and minor studies and concentrates on twentieth-century American and English literature. Written work from all three years will be considered in the final degree and 25-45 per cent of the final marks will be awarded on a continuous assessment basis—an exam method that many students will welcome.

The CNA also announced in late July that the rigid distinction previously made between "ordinary" and "honours" degrees was to be abolished for future degree courses. A flexible structure, allowing more students to opt for graded honours degrees, is to be introduced.

Of this year's new degrees are aimed at students trying to enter one of the professions. In two new law degrees—Britain's prospective Common Market entry has helped to shape the course content. At Baling Technical College, European Economic Community law can be studied in the final year. At Bristol Poly, European Community law figures in the degree and French language is also an option.

Another new professional degree course is the four-year accountancy degree at Manchester Poly. It is the first in the country to be run on sandwich lines. Undergraduates will spend the whole of their third year engaged in practical training outside the Poly, which means students can become involved in a full annual cycle of financial activity.

Higher National Diploma (HND) courses are heavily biased in favour of the sciences, with only a fifth of the 315 courses on the arts side. Other college-awarded courses do exist in the arts, but the 60 arts HNDs are restricted to business studies.

New CNA degrees in business studies also start this year at Bristol and North Staffordshire Polys. The four-year Bristol course will operate on sandwich lines, with two prolonged periods of practical training within a business environment. The academic content of the course includes economics, behavioural science and business organisation. The remaining vacancies are disappearing fast—so apply now for arts.

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COLLEGE	Arts and Social Sciences	General	Engineering	Health Sciences	Life Sciences	Physical Sciences
Birmingham Poly	V	V	V	V	V	V
Co:aburn	V	V	V	V	V	V
Eden	V	V	V	V	V	V
Bournemouth	V	V	V	V	V	V
Brighton Poly	W	V	V	V	V	V
Bristol Poly	V	V	V	V	V	V
Bromsgrove	V	V	V	V	V	V
Cambridge	V	V	V	V	V	V
Chelmsford	V	V	V	V	V	V
Colchester	V	V	V	V	V	V
Crawley	V	V	V	V	V	V
Derby	V	V	V	V	V	V
Farnborough	V	V	V	V	V	V
Flintshire	V	V	V	V	V	V
Glamorgan Poly	V	V	V	V	V	V
Grimsby	V	V	V	V	V	V
Guildford	V	V	V	V	V	V
Harlow Poly	V	V	V	V	V	V
High Wycombe	V	V	V	V	V	V
Ilkham	V	V	V	V	V	V
Nuffieldfield Poly	V	V	V	V	V	V
Hell CC	V	V	V	V	V	V
Leicester Poly	V	V	V	V	V	V
Leeds Poly	V	V	V	V	V	V
Leicester Poly	V	V	V	V	V	V
Liverpool Poly	V	V	V	V	V	V
Luton	V	V	V	V	V	V
Manchester Poly	V	V	V	V	V	V
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Northwich	V	V	V	V	V	V
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Oxford Poly	V	V	V	V	V	V
Plymouth Poly	V	V	V	V	V	V
Portsmouth Poly	V	V	V	V	V	V
Princes	V	V	V	V	V	V
Rodhich	V	V	V	V	V	V
Stafford	V	V	V	V	V	V
Sheffield Poly	V	V	V	V	V	V
Slough	V	V	V	V	V	V
Southampton	V	V	V	V	V	V
Stockport	V	V	V	V	V	V
Sunderland Poly	V	V	V	V	V	V
Sussex	V	V	V	V	V	V
Teesdale Poly	V	V	V	V	V	V
Trent Poly	V	V	V	V	V	V
Watford	V	V	V	V	V	V
Wat Bromwich	V	V	V	V	V	V
Wolverhampton Poly	V	V	V	V	V	V
LONDON						
Central London Poly	V	V	V	V	V	V
City of London Poly	V	V	V	V	V	V
Croydon	V	V	V	V	V	V
C District Trades	V	V	V	V	V	V
Ealing	V	V	V	V	V	V
Enfield	V	V	V	V	V	V
Hendon	V	V	V	V	V	V
Kingston Poly	V	V	V	V	V	V
NE London Poly	V	V	V	V	V	V
North London Poly	V	V	V	V	V	V
City of Printing	V	V	V	V	V	V
South Bank Poly	V	V	V	V	V	V
SW London	V	V	V	V	V	V
Thames Poly	V	V	V	V	V	V
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West London	V	V	V	V	V	V
SCOTLAND						
Glasgow	V	V	V	V	V	V

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Programmes and times subject to late alteration

MONDAY

9.00-9.30 **Not Zinedin-Nova** (BBC1, Indian, Pakistani)

11.00-12.10 **Morning Service** from Huddersfield, Norfolk.

12.15 **For the Week**: post-war life.

2.15 **For the Week**: post-war life.

3.45 **Strange Report** from the heart of the desert.

4.45 **The Golden Show**: target game. Children should be encouraged to aim for BBC1 at 5.15.

5.15 **Just My Zed** (BBC1, Indian, Pakistani)

6.15 **Got the Message?** Bible quiz.

6.30 **The Last Centuries**: 5. A Golden Age, more literally than metaphorically. Most can't do it.

6.55 **Songs That** Walter to Noble Gordon and Cy Grant.

7.25 **Doctor at Large**: Dr. Garry.

10.35 **Open University**: Social Sciences 23: 11.05 Science 30: 11.35 Maths: 12.05-12.30 Arts.

1.50-2.00 **Crested Wren**: a song.

7.00 **Prize the Lord**: hymns from Songs of Praise.

7.25 **Don't Army**: Marmalade has to share.

7.55 **Play of the Month**: Three.

10.05 **New**: Tim Nichols: weather.

10.15 **On the Air**: Charles Mackerras and BBC Symphony.

11.15 **Sm and Sme**: first night of new double-act with Eddi Reader and Harriet Crawley.

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